# The Chaurapanchâsika,

## An Indian Love Lament.

Translated & Illustrated by

Sir Edwin Arnold.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd.

1896.

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## An Indian Love-Lament

translated from the Sanskrit

by

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# PREFACE

In 1798, the very learned Lassen, rummaging in the Library of the Honble East India Company at Whitehall, found a MS in Sanskrit of this old Poem - the Chaurapanchâsika or "Fifty Distichs of Chauras". He gave his copy, and comments, to the scarcely less erudite Peter a Bohlen of Berlin, who published in that city the text (and the commentaries of one Ganapas upon it) in very excellent & perspicuous Devanagari type, affixing a preface and appending a Latin translation. Going

Flatly

for a month's holiday to the Canary Islands, I took a transcription of the two hundred Sanskrit shlokes with me, and made this English version of them, sitting before breakfast, at each lovely day-break, in the garden at Orotava.

India still greatly admires the poem; which, if it be, as has been thought, contemporary with Bhartrihari, would date from the commencement of the Christian Era. Its legend runs that a young & accomplished Brahman, Chauras, at the Court of King Sundara of Kânchinpur, fell in love with the beautiful Daughter of the Maharajah, named Vidyâ. The flame was mutual; and when the secret of the pair became revealed, the incensed Monarch pronounced sentence of death upon Chauras, who passed his last hours in prison, composing these verses, in praise and recollection of his lost mistress.

Each quatrain of the half-hundred constituting the poem begins with the same Sanskrit word of reminiscence, <u>adyāpi</u>, and their characteristic is a melodious & ingenious monotony of fanciful passion. The story lives that the Maharajah forgave the offence of the lover on account of the skill of the poet. But Peter of Bohlen very justly observes: "<u>nulla facili lingua talia exprimere potest verba Sanścrita</u>": and, if I reproduce my little book just as I wrote (& grotesquely illuminated) it in that Hesperidean palm-grove, this shall only be to amuse scholars, lovers and ladies, not from any notion of its literary merit

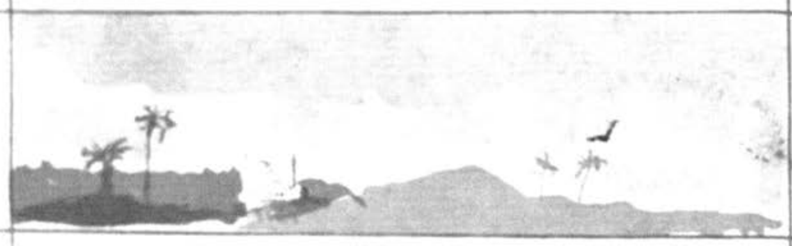
LONDON
April 9. 1896

Edwin Arnold

श्रीगणेशाय

नमः

# ॥ चौरपञ्चाशिका ॥



अद्यापि तां कनकचम्पकदामगौरीं
फुल्लारविन्दवदनां तनुरोमराजीं ।
सुप्तोत्थितां मदनविह्वलसालसाङ्गीं
विद्यां प्रमादगलितामिव चिन्तयामि ॥ १ ॥

# AN

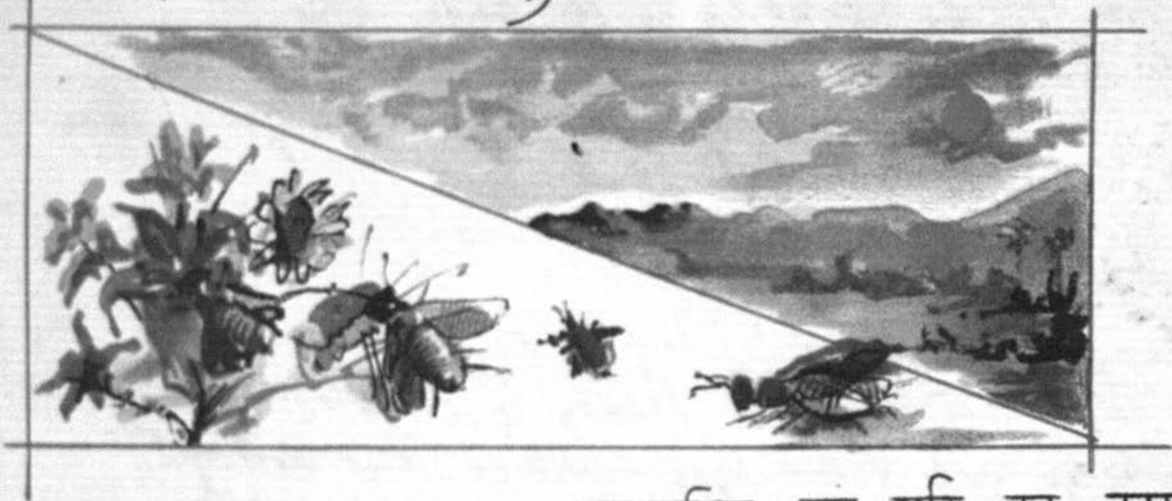
# INDIAN LOVE-LAMENT.

## from the Sanskrit of the Chaurapanchasikâ.

1.

I am to die! yet I remember, dying,
My Soul's delight - my sweet unequalled, love,
Like a fresh champak's golden blossom lying,
Her smile its opening leaves; and bright above,
Over her sleepful brow those lustrous tresses
Dark-winding down, ~~[illegible]~~ tangled with Love's Caresses.

अद्यापि तां शशिमुखीं नवयौवनाढ्यां
पीनस्तनीं पुनरहं यदि गौरकान्तीं ।
पश्यामि मन्मथशरानलपीडिताङ्गीं
गात्राणि संप्रति करोमि सुशीतलानि ॥२॥



अद्यापि तां यदि पुन कमलायताक्षीं
पश्यामि पीवरपयोधरभारखिन्नां
संपीड्य बाहुयुगलेन पिबामि वक्त्रं
उन्मत्तवन्मधुकरः कमलं यथेष्टं ॥३॥

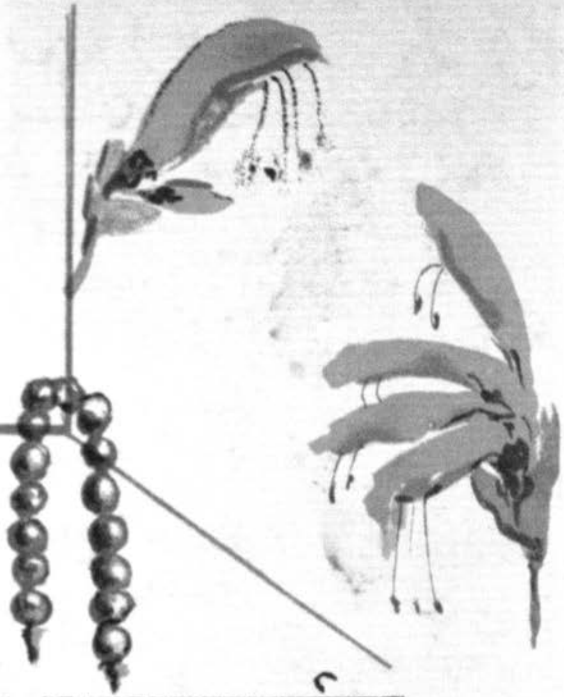
2.

I die, but I remember! How it thrilled me
    The first glad seeing of her glorious face
Clear-carven like the moon; and how it filled me
    With tremors, drinking in the tender grace
Which, like a fine air, clothed her; and the rise
Of her twinned breast-hills, and the ~~[illegible]~~ strange surprise

3.

Of love's new rapture! Dying I recall
    Each marvel of her beauty in its blossom;
The large deep lotos-eyes, whence dew did fall
    Of jewelled tears; the swelling maiden bosom –
Heavy to bear – the long smooth arms; the lips
Where, like th' ~~[illegible]~~ Bee, Desire still clings and sips :

अद्यापि तां निधुवनक्लमनिःसहाङ्गी
आपाण्डुगण्डपतितालककुन्तलालीं ।
प्रच्छन्नपापकृतमन्थरमावहन्तीं
कण्ठावसक्तमृदुबाहुलतां स्मरामि ॥४॥





अद्यापि तां सुरतजागरघूर्णमान-
तिर्यग्वलत्तरलतारकदीर्घनेत्रां ।
शृङ्गारसारकमलाकरराजहंसीं
व्रीडाविनम्रवदनामुषसि स्मरामि ॥५॥

4

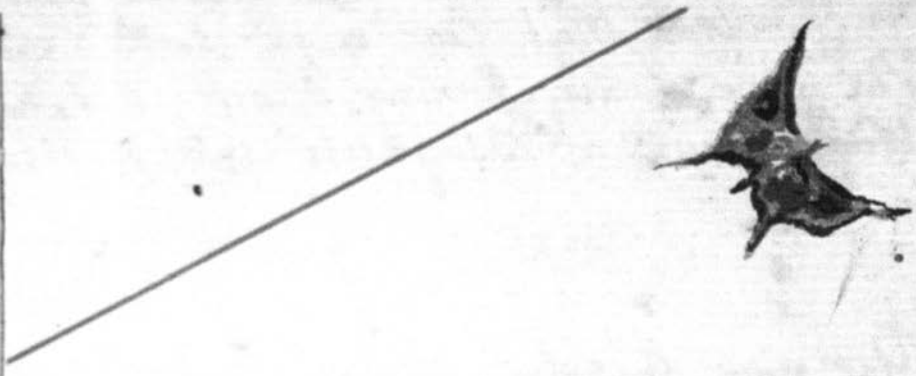
I die, yet well I mind, after embracing,
When hands relaxed, and gentle strife relented,
And - loosened from the gem-strings interlacing
Their night-black threads - some wandering locks, rich-scented,
Strayed o'er her chin and cheek, how she would hide
Delicious flush of love, with arms close-tied

5.

over her happy eyes. Dear eyes! I see you
Shining like stars out of the shade made so,
Tearful for joy. Bright stars of morning be you
For ever to this heart! Then would she go -
Her sweet head somewhat drooping - to her bath,
With such royal glory as the Queen-swan hath.

अद्यापि तां यदि पुनः श्रवणायताक्षीं
पश्यामि दीर्घविरहज्वरिताङ्गयष्टिं ।
अङ्गैरहं समुपगुह्य ततोऽपि गाढं
नोन्मीलयामि नयने न च तां त्यजामि ॥ ६॥





अद्यापि तां सुरतताण्डवसूत्रधारीं
पूर्णेन्दुसुन्दरमुखीं मदविह्वलाङ्गीं ।
तन्वीं विशालजघनस्तनभारखिन्नां
व्यालोलकुन्तलकलापवतीं स्मरामि ॥७॥

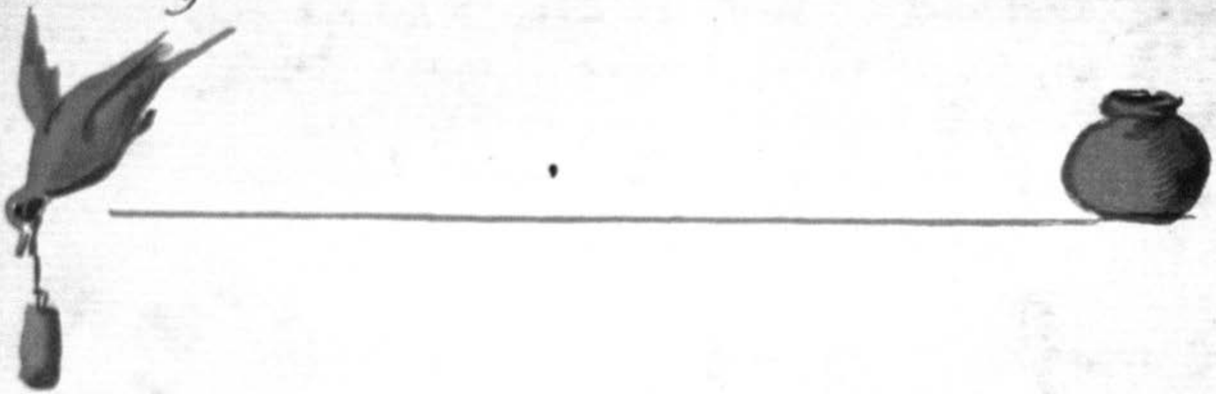
6.

Ah, dying - dying - I remember! Let me
  But once again behold her so - behold
Those jet brows, like black crescent-moons, once get me
  So close that love might soothe with comforts cold
The fever of her burning breast - that minute
Would have a changeless, endless Heaven in it.

7.

Yet now this but abides, to picture surely
  How in the palace-dance foremost she paced;
Her glancing feet and light limbs swayed demurely
  Moonlike, amid their cloudy robes; moon-faced,
With hips majestic under slender waist,
And hair with gold and blooms braided and laced.

अद्यापि तां सुरतताण्डवसूत्रधारीं
पूर्णेन्दुसुन्दरमुखीं मदविह्वलाङ्गीं ।
तन्वीं विशालजघनस्तनभारखिन्नां
व्यालोलकुन्तलकलापवतीं स्मरामि ॥७॥



अद्यापि तां निधुवने मधुपानरक्तां
लीलाधरां कृशतनुं चपलायताक्षीं ।
काश्मीरगन्धमृगनाभिकृताङ्गरागां
कर्पूरपूगपरिपूर्णमुखीं स्मरामि ॥८॥

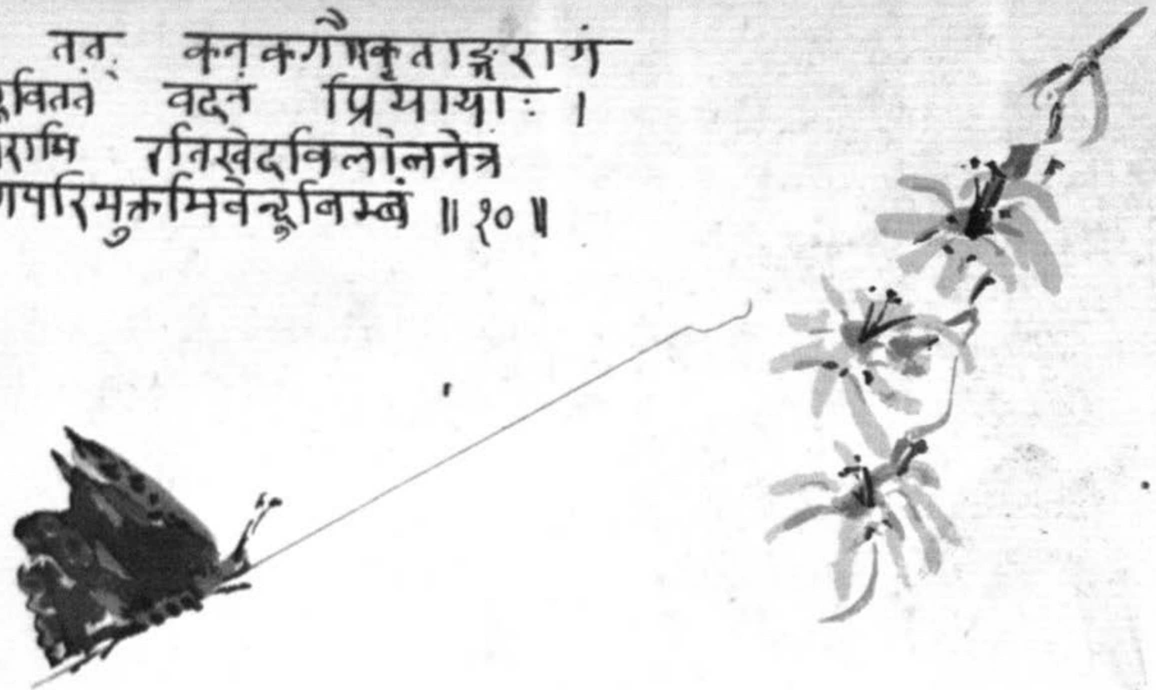
8.

'Tis to mock Death to think how, where she lay,
What tender odours drifted from the sheets –
Sandal and musk – such as when pilgrims pray
Rise for the Gods to savour – subtle sweets
Of her rose-flesh; and, gazing in her eyes,
The love-sick chakur had the same deep dyes.

9.

And sometimes, I remember, when we dipped
Our joys in wine, how her fine blood would flush
Ruddier, to mouth and limb; and how she tripped
With livelier steps, while saffron-flowers' blush
And Kashmir gums, and hill-deer's bag, made sweeting
For breath too sweet, and pearl-teeth – idly eating!

अद्यापि तत् कनकगौरकृताङ्गरागं
प्रस्वेदबिन्दुविततं वदनं प्रियायाः ।
अन्ते स्मरामि रतिखेदविलोलनेत्रं
राहूपरागपरिमुक्तमिवेन्दुबिम्बं ॥ १० ॥



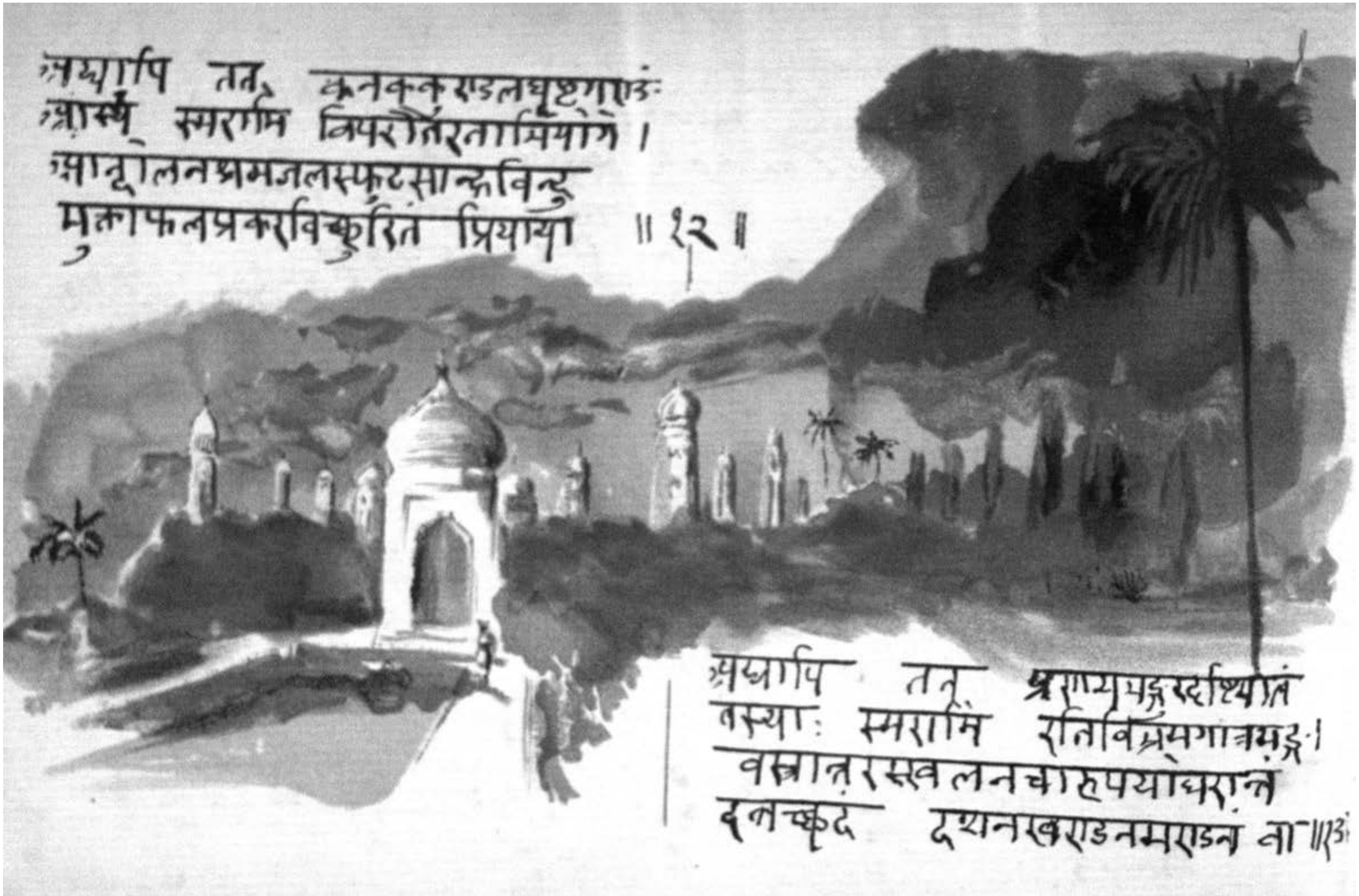
अद्यापि तन्मनसि संपरिवर्तते मे
रात्रौ मयि क्षुतवति क्षितिपालपुत्र्या ।
जीवेति मङ्गलवचः परिहृत्य कोपात्
कर्णे कृतं कनकपत्रमरालकेश्या ॥ ११ ॥

10.

Honies and betel. How the spell re-grows
  Strong in my soul of that dear face divine,
Hooded in scarlet silk, which, opening, shews
  The brow dew-pearled from haste, dark orbs that shine
With tremulous light of love: as when the Moon
Escapes from Rahu, round and splendent soon.

11.

Ah, my pale Moon eclipsed! How may I bear
  To think on that ill hour of severing
When, in the ear of the King's Daughter dear,
  (So close my mouth touched its warm gems that swing)
I murmured "jivat mangal!—Fairest! be
Healthful and happy! I will fare to thee!"


अद्यापि तत् कनककुण्डलघृष्टगण्डं
आस्यं स्मरामि विपरीतरताभियोगे ।
आन्दोलनश्रमजलस्फुटसान्द्रबिन्दु
मुक्ताफलप्रकरविच्छुरितं प्रियायाः ॥१२॥
अद्यापि तत् प्रणयभङ्गुरदृष्टिपातं
तस्याः स्मरामि रतिविभ्रमगात्रभङ्गं ।
वस्त्रान्तरस्खलनचारुपयोधरान्तं
दन्तच्छदं दशनखण्डनमण्डनं वा ॥१३

12.

But then comes back thy mournful face, be-decked
With ruby pendants on each perfect side,
Whereon, in that last ill-starred hour, – deject,
Despondent, fearing Fate, – my fond eyes spied
What might seem rounded diamonds, but I know
'Twas tears which from their silken lids did flow.

13.

Also comes back that sidelong shaft of sorrow
Shot from Love's breaking bow – that sudden thrill
Of limbs – half passion and half pang:– I borrow
Joy from my keen delightful anguish still
Of seeing, where the jewelled choli slips,
Those breast-buds, and the love-marks on thy lips.

अद्याप्यशोकनवपल्लवरक्तहस्तां
मुक्ताकलापपरिचुम्बितचूचुकाग्रां ।
अन्तःस्मितोच्छ्वसितपाण्डुरगण्डभित्तिं
तां वल्लभामलसहंसगतिं स्मरामि ॥ १४ ॥





अद्यापि तत् कनकरेणुघनोरुदेशे
तस्याः स्मरामि नखरक्षतलक्ष्म न्यस्तं ।
आकृष्टहेमरुचिराम्बरमुत्थितायाः
लज्जावशात्करधृतं च ततो व्रजन्त्याः
॥ १५ ॥

14.

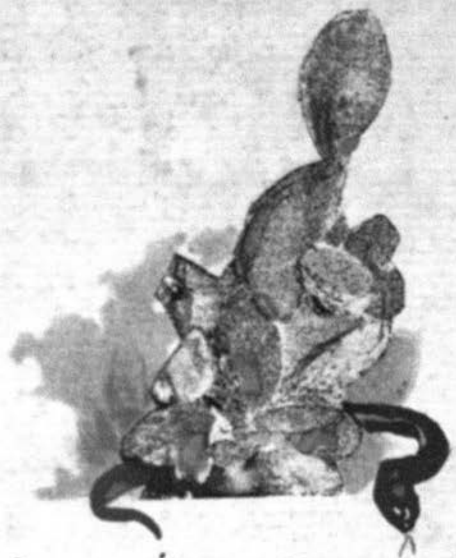
Goodly thou wert then, moving like a Swan,
With henna-reddened fingers like pink sprays
On the Asōka bush. The beauty wan
Of thy deep bosom took a gleaming grace
From the stringed pearls that hung, within its vale,
Down from thy crown and temples pure and pale.

15.

Goodly were those twin smooth sides, clasped so often,
Scented and dyed with sandal; whose excess
Of loveliness the spangled folds did soften –
The waving drapery of thy dainty dress, –
Which thou wouldest girdle by a golden band
And gather modestly with heedful hand.

अद्यापि तां विधृतकज्जलचारुनेत्रां
प्रोत्फुल्लपुष्पनिकराकुलकेशपाशां ।
सिन्दूरसंलुलितमौक्तिकदन्तरदनां
आबद्धहेमकटकां रहसि स्मरामि ॥ २६ ॥





अद्यापि तां गलितबन्धनकेशपाशां
स्रस्तस्रजं स्मितसुधामधुराधरोष्ठीं ।
पीनोन्नतस्तनयुगोपरिचारुचुम्बि-
मुक्तावलीं रहसि लोलदृशं स्मरामि
॥ २७ ॥

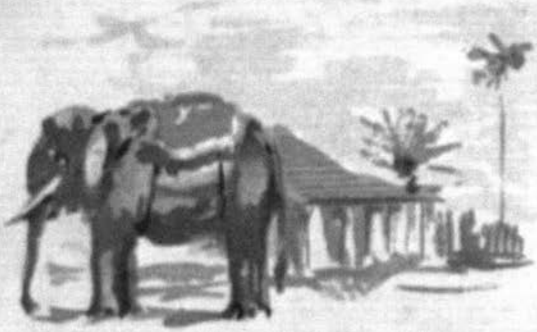
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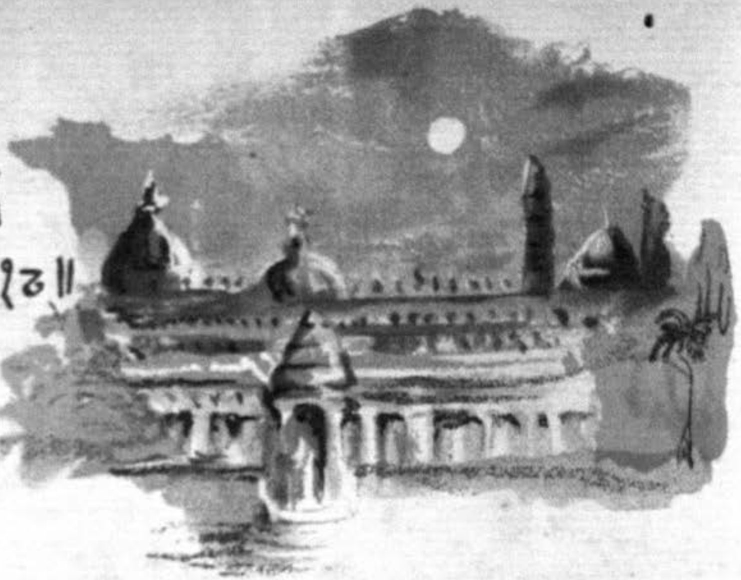
Thou dost return to thought, attired divinely,
Thy dark eyes lustred by the soorma dust,
Thy long black braided tresses fastened finely
With champaks, glad to grow there. Oh, I must,
Even on my death-day, meditate thy lips
Tinctured with vermeil, and the gleam that slips,

17.

At every smile, betwixt them, of that row
Of peerless pearls thy teeth; and bangles slender
On thy round arms; thy breath like airs which blow
From jasmine-flowers; the mouth which was so tender;
The eyes languorous with love; the warm dusk breast
Where, like thy happy pearls, I took my rest.

अद्यापि तां धवलवेश्मनि रत्नदीप-
मालामयूखपटलैर्दलितान्धकारे ।
स्वप्नोऽस्म मे स्फुरति संभ्रमदर्शनोत्थां
लज्जाभयार्तनयनामनुचिन्तयामि ॥१८॥





अद्यापि तां विरहवह्निविपीडिताङ्गीं
लज्जीं कुरङ्गनयनां सुरतैपात्रं ।
नानाविचित्रकृतमण्डनमावहन्तीं
तां राजहंसगमनां सुदतीं स्मरामि
॥१९॥

18.

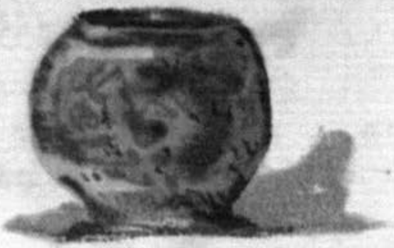
For, in her white pavillion, where the pall
Of purple midnight was by glow dispelled
Of countless flaming cressets—ranged on wall
Like burning rubies—She, when Love impelled,
Would whisper "I am wearied, sleep is best!"
But the dropped face, and hand-touch, told the rest.

19.

Flower-bodied Maid! by Passion's flame burned up
Shy in thine utmost giving, with Roe's eyes
Wistful and wild! thy beauty was a cup
Brimmed with delicious draughts; in such sweet wise
Broidered and chased with bliss, that speech is weak
One wonder of thy nectared self to speak.

अद्यापि तां क्षितितले वरकामिनीनां
सर्वाङ्गसुन्दरतया प्रथमैकरेखां ।
शृङ्गारनाटकरसोत्तमपानपात्रं
कान्तां स्मरामि कुसुमायुधबाणखिन्नां ॥ २० ॥





अद्यापि तां स्तिमितवस्त्रमिवाङ्गलग्नां
प्रौढप्रतापमदनानलतप्तदेहां ।
बालामनाथशरणामनुकम्पनीयां
प्राणाधिकां क्षणमहं न हि विस्मरामि
॥ २१ ॥

20

Ah, to the great heart struck by Kama's bow,
  Beloved! who was like thee in the throng
Of those fair damsels dancing, with brave show,
  Within the palace-walls? when thou, with song
And subtly-woven feet, didst dance and strain?
Rich cup of Love that drinking could not drain!

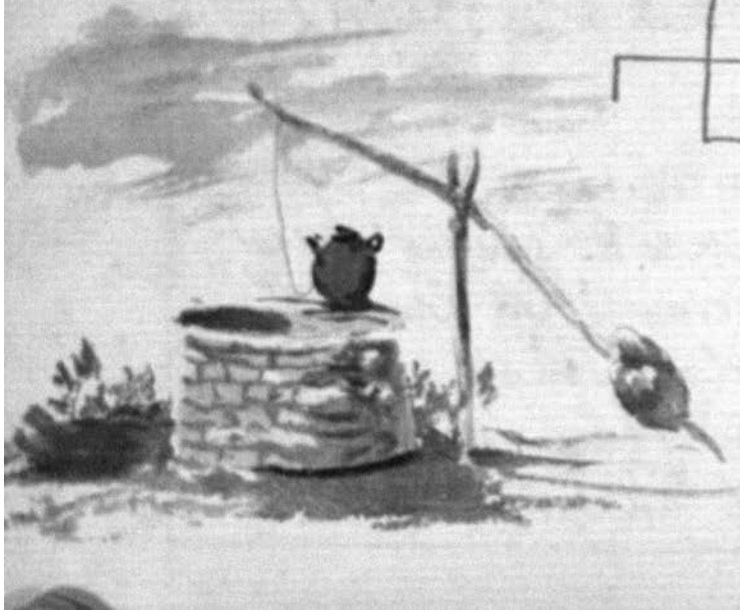
21.

Nay, not for Death forego I this delight
  Of musing on thee, ~~that who~~ art Life to me,
At that time when thou wentest, bold and bright
  As if thy gauzy garments were for thee
Too gross, as if to cool thy beauties soon
Thou hadst a mind – as with her clouds the Moon –

अद्यापि तां प्रथमतो वरसुन्दरीणां
स्नेहैकपात्रघटितामवनीशपुत्रीं ।
देहोऽत्र मे स विरहः सुकुमारगात्र्याः
सोढुं न शक्यत इति प्रतिचिन्तयामि ॥ २२ ॥







अद्यापि विद्लसितां कुचभारनम्रां
मुक्ताकलापधवलीकृतकण्ठदेशां ।
तां केलिमन्दिरगतां कुसुमायुधस्य
कान्तां स्मरामि रुचिरोज्ज्वलपुष्पकेतुं
॥ २३ ॥

22.

To bare thy silver virgin splendours, Queen
Of all dear women and desirable!
Framed to hold love as water in a well!
Fairer than all the fairest ever seen!
Great Brahma! Death is drear, but to be parted
From her makes death for me, so heavy-hearted.

23.

Yet I will die remembering, recalling
The glories of her, sweet with swelling breast
Where the white strings of precious pearls were falling
What hour she paced into Love's Temple, dressed
As Kama's Priestess, with that flower which binds
The bow-string of the God of all men's minds.

अद्यापि चाटुशतदुर्ललितोचितार्थं
तस्याः स्मरामि सुरतक्लमविह्वलायाः ।
अव्यक्तनिस्वनितकातरकथ्यमान-
संकीर्णवर्णरुचिरं वचनं प्रियायाः ॥२४॥



अद्यापि तां सुरतजागरमीलिताक्षीं
स्रस्ताङ्गयष्टिगलितां पृथुकेशपाशां
शृङ्गारवारिरुहकाननराजहंसीं
जन्मान्तरे निधुवनेऽप्यनुचिन्तयामि
॥२५॥

24.

Ah, too, her gentle talk! melodious most
When Love's soft tremors sank it to a tone
Of low caressing murmurs, laughters lost
In little wistful sighs, words used alone
For my most blessèd ears, when secret speech
Melted to babble, understood of each.

25.

Yes, glad or sad, alike must I recall
Living or dying, the soft openings
Of those tired eyes, whereon the lids would fall
Like velvet curtains loosed from golden strings;
And how the black locks o'er her sweet throat ran
The ruffled feathers of my sleeping swan.

अद्यापि तां प्रणयिनीं मृगशावकाक्षीं
पश्याम्यहं यदि पुनर्दिवसावसाने ।
पीयूषपूर्णकुचकुम्भयुगं वहन्तीं
स्वर्गं तथात्र न च राजसुखं स्मरामि ॥ २६ ॥





अद्यापि विस्मयकरीं त्रिदशान्विहाय
बुद्धिर्बलाद्वलति मे किमहं करोमि ।
जानन्नपि प्रतिमुहूर्तमिहान्तकाले
कान्तेति वल्लभतरेति ममेति चौरः
॥२७॥

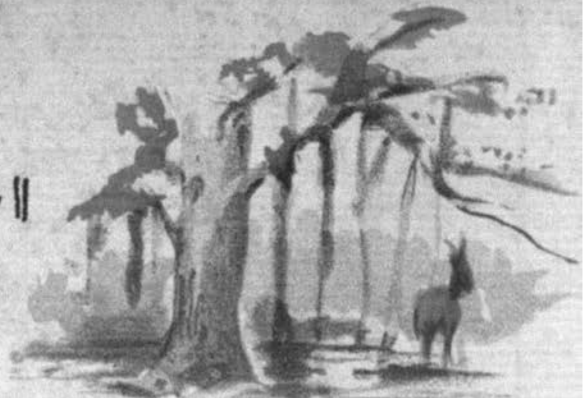
26.

Ah! in those days when I might so, at rest
Gaze in the eyes like rose's eyes, drink my fill
Of her mouth's honey; from her jasmine breast
Inhale its delicate fragrance, what they will
The Gods could do! I asked none of their bliss
Nor any heavenly feasting more than this.

27

And, even now, when any dawn may bring
Such as shall slay me to the prison-gate
Upon those days divine still pondering
I do forget the Gods, the King, my fate.
Oh thou Delight! that wast the world to me,
World, Heaven, and All, I find only in thee!

अद्यापि मोहहरिणीमिव चञ्चलाक्षीं
तां मे गतिं प्रति जनैरुदितां तु वाचं ।
श्रुत्वा स्खलद्विगलदश्रुजलाकुलाक्षीं
कान्तां स्मरामि गुरुशोकविनम्रवक्त्रां ॥ २८॥





अद्यापि तां क्षणवियोगविषोपमेयां
सङ्गे पुनर्बहुतरामृतनाभिषिक्तां ।
मज्जीवधारणकरीं मदनालसतन्द्रां
किं ब्रह्मकेशवहरैः सुदतीं स्मरामि
॥ २९॥

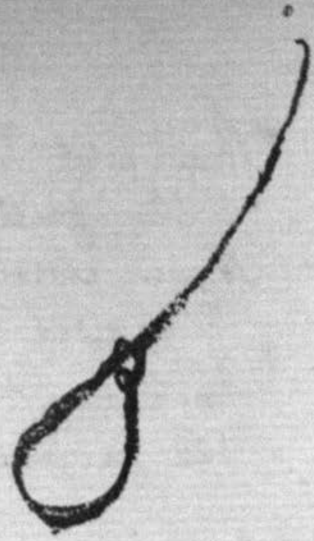
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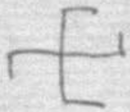
In thee – in thee – who cam'st, so fond and eager
With startled roe-deer's eyes, abrim with tears,
Hearing the tidings of our loves' beleaguer:
Nothing less lovely in thy tender fears
Than when all days went well, and love did seem
A bliss unchanging, an unbroken dream.

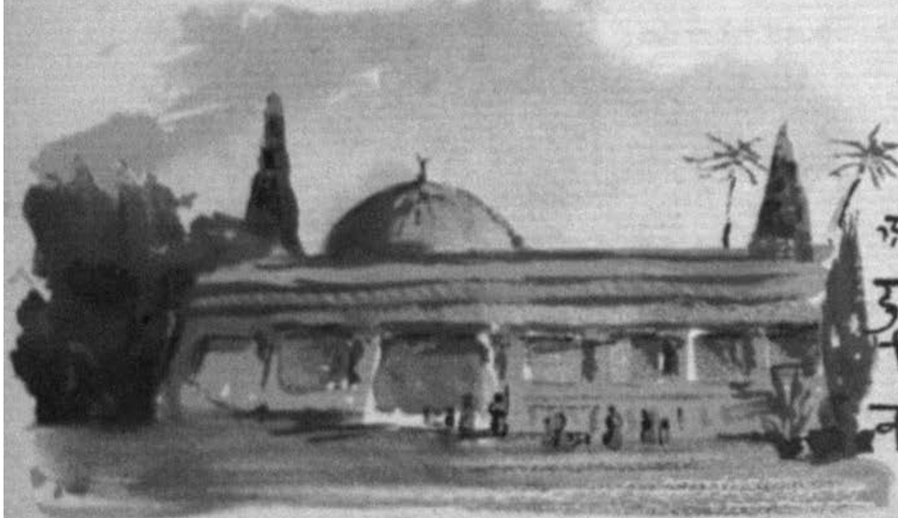
29.

Tears! sparkling jewels of sweet grief! I keep
Their memory as a merchant hoards his wealth.
We twain, who could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep
Apart, whose hearts were tied – albeit by stealth –
By th' heart-strings, how could such be torn away?
Brahm, Shiva, Vishnu, what to me were they!

अद्यापि जानु निपुणं यतता मयापि
दृष्टं दृशा जगति जातिविधे वधूनां ।
सौन्दर्यनिर्जितरतिद्विजराजकान्तेः
कान्ताननस्य सदृशं वदनं गुरोर्न ॥ ३० ॥







अद्यापि राजगृहतो मयि नीयमाने
दुर्वारभीषणकरैर्यमदूतकल्पैः ।
किं किं तया बहुविधं न कृतं मदर्थे
वक्तुं न शक्यत इति व्यथते मनो मे
॥ ३९ ॥

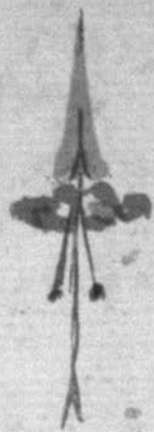
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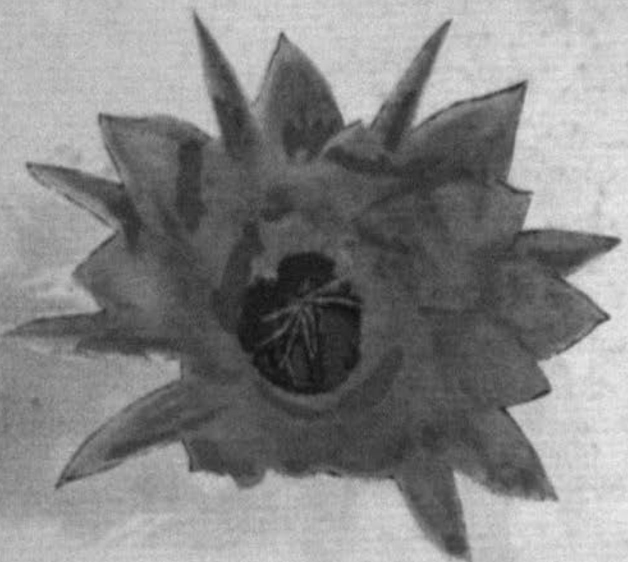
Thou wert my Worship, then my shrine, my home,
My faith, dear Lady of the magic mouth!
Never elsewhere, where'er my foot had come
Viewed I so noble Presence — north or south —
As thine, which was all mine, and never shall
See moon-like beauty so majestical.

31.

Moreover, every pitying thing she said,
And all her fond compassion — when those men
Fiercer than Yama's slaves, King of the Dead,
Haled me beyond the Palace — neither then
Could any thanking fitly pay; though now
They bring me this full heart and bursting brow.

अद्यापि तन्निशि दिवा हृदयं दुनोति
पूर्णेन्दुसुन्दरमुखं मम वल्लभायाः ।
लावण्यनिर्जितरति क्षतकामदर्पं
भूयः पुरः प्रतिपदं न विलोक्यते यत् ॥ ३२ ॥





अद्यापि तामविहतां मनसा चलेन
संचिन्तयामि युवतीं मम जीविताशां ।
नान्योपभुक्तनवयौवनभारसारां
जन्मान्तरेऽपि सैव गतिर्यथा स्यात्
॥ ३३ ॥

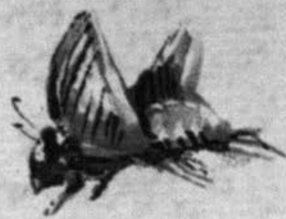
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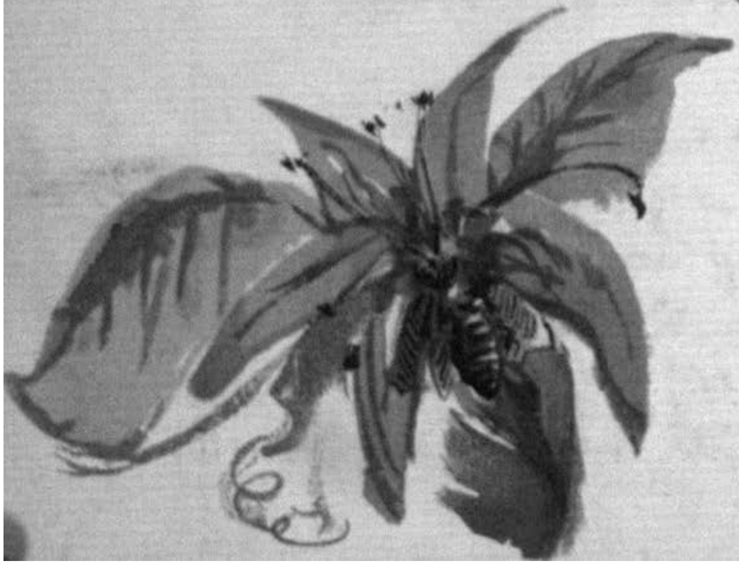
For, day and night, her grace makes grief transcended
Since never once again can I behold
The countenance so kind, shining more splendid
Than moon at full, the charms which did enfold
All whatsoever Kama, Lord of Love,
Hath in his armoury of spells above.

33.

And thus it is Death's advent shall not alter
My steadfast musing on the good days lost:
Myself I will forget, but will not falter
Thinking on her whose lovely love hath cost
My life, yet is its hope, and stay, and pleasure,
And, being gone, rests still mine only treasure.

अद्यापि तद् वदनपङ्कजगन्धलुब्ध-
भ्राम्यद्द्विरेफचयचुम्बितगण्डयुग्मं ।
लीलावधूतकरपल्लवकङ्कणानां
क्वाणेऽपि मूर्च्छितमनः सुतरां स्मरामि ॥३४॥





अद्यापि सा नखपदं स्तनमण्डले यत्
दत्तं मयास्यमधुपानविमोहितेन ।
उद्भिन्नरोमपुलकैर्बहुभिः प्रसन्नात्
जागर्ति रक्षति विलोकयति स्मरामि
॥३५॥

34.

They cannot force me cease to see, sweet Lady!
Though my tears blind me, that delicious force
Which wild bees, wandering in jungles shady
Might deem kadamba, take for honey-place;
They cannot make me cease to hear the jangle,
Though this be torment, of thy jewelled bangle.

35.

Oh me! I was the Bee who sucked his fill
From fragrant chalice of that gold-leaved flower,
Breast-deep. Know I not well how it did thrill
Beneath mine eager clasping, in that hour
When love waxed well-nigh cruel in quick kisses,
And passion welcomed hurts that mixed with blisses.

अद्यापि कोपविमुखीकृतगन्तुकामा
नोक्तं वच प्रतिददाति यदैव पूर्वं ।
चुम्बामि रोदिति भृशं पतितोऽस्मि पादे
दासस्तव प्रियतमे भज मां स्मरामि ॥ ३६ ॥





अद्यापि धावति मनः किमहं करोमि
सार्धं सखीभिरति वासगृहे सुकान्ते ।
कान्ताप्रगीतपरिहासविचित्रनृत्ये
क्रीडाभिरम्य इति यातु मदीयकालः
॥ ३७ ॥

36.

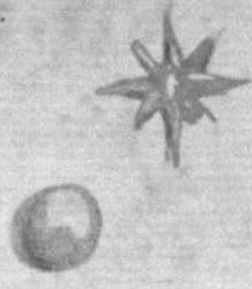
Yea! and we tasted midst that nectared drink,
  Touch of division which doth make love meek:
Of one dark hour of discontent I think
  When nought to my hot wooing she would speak,
But with averted visage turned to fly
While, at her knees, I clasped them, and did cry

37.

"Pardon me! Love me! all my life is thine!
  I am thy slave!" Ah! the loss to-day!
All; all is gone! those moments so divine,
  The gilded bowers, the games, are passed away
The dances of the Nautch-girls, and the beat
Of dancing-drums with all which was so sweet.

अस्यामपीदं न खलु वेद्मि किमीशपत्नी
शापागता सुरपतेरथ कृष्णलक्ष्मी ।
धात्रैव किं त्रिजगतः परिमोहनाय
सा निर्मिता युवतिरत्नदिदृक्षया वा ॥ ३८ ॥





अद्यापि तां जगति वर्णयितुं न कश्चित्
शक्तो ह्यपृष्टसदृशौं च परिग्रहं मे ।
दृष्टं द्वयोः सदृशयोः खलु येन रूपं
शक्तो भवेद्यदि स एव परं तु नान्यं
॥ ३९ ॥

38.

Too sweet to last! Was it enchantment then?
  Shiva's own consort? Indra's Urvasi?
Or Krishna's Lakshmi, deigned to dwell with men
  A little space, and for a space to be
Of all Three Worlds the Pearl, and Star, and Story,
That He Who made her might put forth His glory.

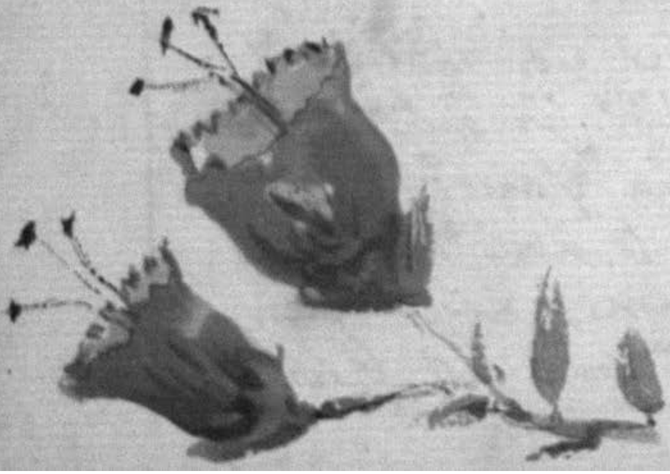
39.

For, surely, never mortal on this Earth
  Beheld such excellence, or pictured it
As of that beauty dusk which was from birth
  Mine, and untouched by any else. The wit
Of words falls short to tell her smallest wonder;
He knows who made the sky, and sun, and thunder.

अद्यापि तां नयनकज्जलमिश्रमश्रु
विश्रान्तकर्णयुगलं दधतीं विसृष्टं ।
कान्तां स्मरामि घनपीनपयोधरस्थां
श्यामामनल्पगुणगौरवशोभमानां ॥ ४० ॥



अद्यापि निर्मलशरच्छशिगौरकान्ति
चेतो मुनेरपि हरेत् किमुतास्मदीयं ।
वक्त्रं सुधारसमयं यदि तत् प्रपद्ये
चुम्बाम्यहं न विरहो व्यथते मनो मे
॥ ४१ ॥



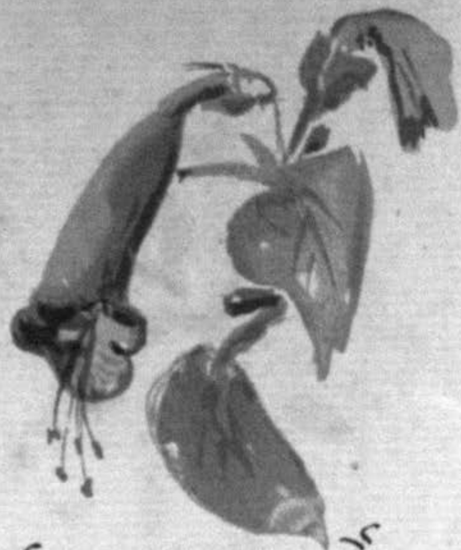
40

Since, sometimes in her humour, she would flash
Like the swift lightning; and her angry tears
Would wash the <u>soorma</u> off from lid and lash
As 'twere June rain; while in her rose-leaf ears
The rubies swung, and the great rounded breast
Broke the gold lace-strings of her broidered vest.

41.

Yet, let me most recall her red lips smiling
Tinged with the safflower like two autumn moons,
Her teeth to dazzle saints; her glance beguiling
Which beckoned meaningly to Love's hid boons
Oh lips! oh mouth! if once more I might press
Your perfumed softness Death would not distress.

अद्यापि तत् कमलरेणुसुगन्धि वक्त्रं
तत्प्रेमवारि मकरध्वजतापहारि ।
प्राप्नोम्यहं यदि पुनः सुरतैकतीर्थं
प्राणांस्त्यजामि नितरां तदवाप्तिहेतोः ॥४२॥





अद्याप्यहो जगति सुन्दरलक्षपूर्णे
चान्योन्यपीवरगुणाधिकसंप्रपन्ने ।
अन्याभिरित्थमुपमितुं न मयावशक्यं
रूपं तदीयमिति मे हृदये विषादः
॥४३॥

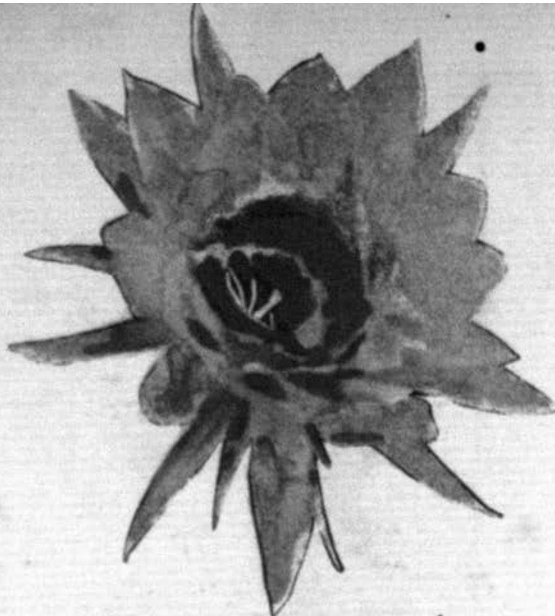
42.

Red honey-flower of Love! paired lotos leaves!
That had the lotos-dust, and lotos-dew—
That heavenly moisture which love's thirst relieves
And quenches Kama's flame—; if I and you
Came once more close enough to touch again
Kill me! Death would not strike with too much pain

43.

But now I die, with spirit discontented
Since none can know as I do how to praise
That rare, surpassing, finished form, invented
To be the gem of Women, in all days
Chief Pearl of Virgins, and in all the lands
Queen-Maid of all the queenliest maiden-bands.

अद्यापि सा हृ नवयौवनसुन्दराङ्गी
रोमाञ्चवीचिविलसच्चपलाङ्गयष्टिः ।
मत्स्वान्तसारसचलद्विरहोच्चपङ्क्तिः
किंस्विद्भ्रमं प्रथयति प्रियराजहंसो ॥ ४४॥





अद्यापि तां नृपतिशेखरराजपुत्रीं
सम्पूर्णयौवनमदालसघूर्णनेत्रां ।
गन्धर्वयक्षसुरकिन्नरराजकन्यां
साक्षान्नभोनिपतितामिव चिन्तयामि
॥ ४५ ॥

44.

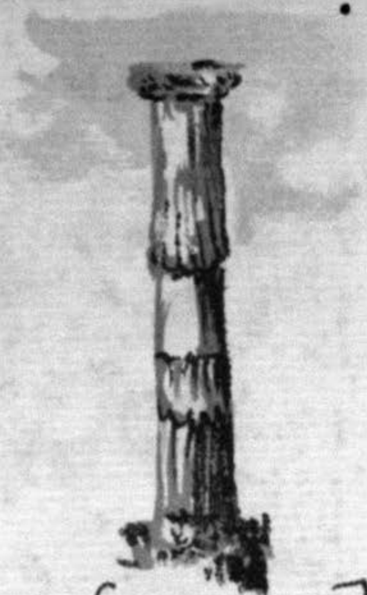
Stateliest of Ladies! to this heart sore-stirred
Tossed like the lotos on a troubled stream,
Thou shewest like a red-plumed River-Bird
With dainty gait and plumes superb, that seem
To shine one moment in the tremulous glass,
And then the gleam is gone, the shadows pass.

45.

Stay! stay in sight,- thought,- soul! I will not quit thee
My Princess of the dancing lighted eyes!
Wanton with youthful loving life! I'll fit thee
With fancies new and fresh! Not woman-wise
Muse I upon thee, but as Devs come down, -
Gandharva, Yaksha, Kinnara - the Crown

अद्यापि तां प्रणयिनीं कृशवेदिमध्यां
उत्तुङ्गसंभृतसुवृत्तस्तनकुम्भयुग्मां ।
नानाविचित्रकृतमण्डनमण्डिताङ्गीं
सुप्तोत्थितां निशि दिवा न हि विस्मरामि ॥ ४६ ॥





अद्यापि तां कनककान्तिमृतालसाङ्गीं
व्रीडोत्सुकां मदनमोहनिर्विकम्पमानां ।
अङ्गाङ्गसङ्गपरिचुम्बनजातमोहां
सञ्जीवनौषधिमिव प्रमदां स्मरामि
॥ ४७ ॥

46.

Of some celestial Realm. Yet unto me
All maid and woman wert thou: most of all
When, rising from linked sleep, safe I might see—
From shape to foot-palm—all thy glory tall
Like a carved column stand, the sculptured bosom
Its splendid capital. Then, o'er the blossom

47.

Of night-dewed beauty she had cast the shade
Of silken scarf and jewelled gold; but—tender
At parting—these and weariness she laid
Aside, my gentlest Joy! and would surrender
The yielded mouth and neck, and once again
Give what could turn to Paradise Hell's pain.

अद्यापि तत सुरतकेलिनिरस्त्रयुद्धं
बन्धोपबन्धपतनोत्थितशून्यहस्तं ।
दन्तौष्ठपीडननखक्षतरक्तसिक्तं
तस्याः स्मरामि रतिबन्धुरनिष्ठुरत्वं ॥ ४८ ॥





अद्याप्यहं वरवधूसुरतोपभोग
जीवामि नान्यविधिना क्षणमन्तरेण ।
तद्भ्रातरो मरणमेव हि दुःखशान्त्यै
विज्ञापयामि भवतस्त्वरितं लुनीहि
॥ ४९ ॥

48.

Infinite ecstacy of nameless bliss!
 Dear combat, where to lose was victory,
Hands knit with hands, like flower-stems twisted! Kiss
 That would find close, but could not end, till we
Hurt one another in the ache of Love!
Ah, how in dying doth such memory move!

49.

But dying now is best, since she is reft
 My peerless Spouse, my Spirit's sole delight.
I do disdain, in what of days are left
 To live without her. If my death be dight,
Come quick, I bid ye, who must do this deed,
And be my heart from anguish forthwith freed.

अद्यापि नोज्झति हरः किल कालकूटं
कूर्मो बिभर्ति धरणीं खलु पृष्ठकेन ।
अम्भोनिधिर्वहति दुःसहवाडवाग्निं
अङ्गीकृतं सुकृतिनः परिपालयन्ति ॥५०॥



॥ इति श्रीचौरमहाकविना रचिता श्लोकपञ्चाशिका समाप्ता ॥

50.

Fast Lover to the last, I die. My faith
Is kept as true hearts use. So Shiva's neck
The wave-blue poison-mark for ever hath.
And ever doth the monstrous Tortoise-Back
Sustain the Earth; and ever the strong Sea
Quenches the Nether Fires, as Death doth me.

THE END.

